

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

The Spanish revolt may spread to Madrid.

The czar is in France visiting with President Fallieres.

Count Zeppelin has made a flight of 220 miles in his airship.

Major Burnham has found evidence in Mexico of an extinct race.

Governor Shallenberger and a party of 50 will tour the Pacific coast.

Chicago school authorities are to do away with high school societies.

A streetcar strike involving every line in the city threatens Chicago.

The Chinese vice consul in New York has been murdered by a crazy Chinaman.

A daring robber held up a Vancouver, B. C., bank in broad day, but secured only \$100.

Spokane police will overlook the anti-cigarette law during the National Irrigation congress.

The king and queen of Great Britain reviewed the great naval pageant, which was made up of a line of war ships seven miles long.

An explosion of gasoline at St. Paul caused the death of five persons and the injury of seven others. A four-story building was also destroyed.

Goldfield, Nev., mines with a capital of over \$19,000,000 have been consolidated.

The anti-Diaz riots in Mexico are said to have been started by expelled students.

The French talk of other powers helping Spain in Morocco, where the situation is serious.

A Denver man has received a demand from blackmailers for \$10,000 with death as an alternative.

Chicago is experiencing the hottest weather of the year and there are dozens of deaths and prostrations.

A gang which has been systematically smuggling goods across the line has been broken up at Vancouver, B. C.

Wright's aeroplane has successfully passed another government test, making 42½ miles an hour with a passenger.

The Colombian congress wants to know why President Reyes left the country and then sent in his resignation.

Terror and tragedy are supreme in Spain. Burning buildings have turned night into day at Barcelona and it requires a constant vigilance by troops to prevent further trouble.

A storm off the German coast has caused great damage to shipping.

The Great Northern is planning several extensions in Pacific Coast states.

Northwestern senators fought to the last to secure a higher tariff on rate on lumber.

Another hot wave is spreading over the East, causing many deaths and prostrations.

The sugar trust may have to pay a fine of \$750,000 for absorbing a Pennsylvania refinery.

A California man has fasted 30 days and as he does not feel hungry will not eat until he does.

A Chicago man has figured out that the Windy City will have a population of 5,000,000 in 1940.

A moral crusade has started in Chicago and 20 divekeepers have been indicted as a beginning.

Bleriot, who successfully crossed the English channel, is willing to enter a race with the Wright brothers.

The Italian king has announced that he will send the princes of the royal blood to visit Italian colonies in North and South America.

President Rafael Reyes, of Colombia, has resigned.

Crete has raised the Greek flag and declared independence of Turkey.

The United States Steel corporation has increased the dividends on its common stock.

French Socialists have protested against the proposed visit of the czar to France.

Colonel Leopold Markbreit, ex-minister to Bolivia and mayor of Cincinnati, is dead.

A coal train on the Denver & Rio Grande ran away in Utah, but the crew escaped unhurt.

The Wright aeroplane has a device to prevent accidents in case the machine should fall in water.

Senator Stone, of Missouri, has been arrested at Baltimore for striking a negro waiter who did not serve the senator just to suit him.

Tourist travel to the Yellowstone park is so heavy that all hotels are full and the Oregon Short Line has stopped traffic to that place temporarily.

INTERURBAN CARS MEET.

Collision Near Coeur d'Alene Results in Death of 13.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 2.—Thirteen persons were killed and 88 more or less seriously injured in a head-on trolley car collision Saturday afternoon, at Coldwell, on the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene branch of the Spokane & Idaho railway, 25 miles east of Spokane.

Officials of the line have not made a statement as to responsibility for the wreck. It is said the eastbound train did not take a sidetrack as it had been ordered. It is incomprehensible why the motormen did not avoid the collision, as the accident occurred on a straight track. The motorman of the westbound train is among the dead. Both trains were running at a high speed, especially the westbound train, and were presumably beyond control.

The wrecked cars were ground together in one confused mass. The injuries are of all kinds. Legs and arms are broken and heads and bodies are crushed. Bruises and scratches from splintered wood and broken glass are numerous, and internal hurts, which it is feared will swell the list of fatalities, were inflicted.

The first car of the train, the smoker, was so smashed that nothing but the trucks remained. It was crowded with men and scarcely one of them escaped alive and uninjured.

This is the first serious wreck in the history of the road. The track was cleared in about an hour and a half.

PEOPLE IN PANIC.

Repeated Shocks in Mexico Add to Earthquake Damage.

City of Mexico, Aug. 2.—With the people absolutely frightened and trembling in terror from their awful experience in Friday's earthquake shocks, five distinct shocks were felt again Saturday, and the damage Friday is light compared with the damage Saturday.

All communication was cut off from Chilpancingo, Acapulco and surrounding towns by the quakes, after it was restored following Friday's shocks, but information of the serious nature of the shocks came through before the wires went down. In every instance the frightened operators at the keys in the stricken towns, talking to the equally frightened operators in the capital, declared "the town is completely wrecked," or words to that effect.

The operator at Chilpancingo, capital of the state of Guerrero, reported that the palace of Governor Damien Flores, which had been partially wrecked, completely tumbled down, but that the family had left its crumbling walls. The shocks here were more severe than the former ones were, and not an American and but few foreigners remained indoors. The parks and plazas are crowded to overflowing and many people are in actual want of food.

OSAKA IN RUINS.

Important Japanese City Is Swept by Terrible Conflagration.

Osaka, Japan, Aug. 2.—At 6 o'clock yesterday morning the terrible conflagration which has reduced to ashes a large portion of this city was under control. Up to that hour 13,000 buildings had been destroyed. An area four miles square was swept by the flames.

A fire which threatened to destroy this city started at 4 o'clock Saturday morning. At 9:30 Saturday night the fire had consumed one-fifth of the town.

The firemen who had been fighting all day, were completely exhausted and troops were called out to assist in the fire fighting and to preserve order in the city.

The exact amount of damage done by the flames cannot be estimated at present, but the total will be large. A number of persons have been killed and seriously injured by the fire.

Osaka is one of the "imperial cities" of Japan, and is one of the most important manufacturing and commercial cities of the empire. It shelters almost three-quarters of a million people. The largest of the Buddhist temples, for which the city is famous among travelers, covers an enormous area. The chief public building of Osaka is the palace, built of stone in 1883.

Ordered to Take Offensive.

Madrid, Aug. 2.—At Melilla the Moors are preparing for a new attack upon the Spaniards, but General Marina has been instructed that as soon as the big army is concentrated he should assume the offensive, march out of Melilla and strike a decisive blow. Work of reinforcing Melilla is occupying the War department. King Alfonso today visited Gafatefote to inspect artillery corps bound for the front. The fund for the war victims is growing. Queen Victoria today contributed \$3,000 and the Queen mother \$2,000.

Thousands Chinese Drowned.

Pekin, Aug. 2.—A government dispatch from the flooded district in Manchuria this morning says that not less than 1,000 lives have been lost in the vicinity of Kirin. The flood is 20 feet deep over a large area and the property loss cannot be estimated. As the waters are still rising the extent of the calamity cannot be reckoned for several days. The Yalu bank, where large sums of money were on deposit, is reported to have been swept away.

Adverse News Suppressed.

San Sebastian, Spain, Aug. 2.—(By way of the French frontier.)—No news is allowed to be published from Barcelona, except that favorable to the government, but reliable private reports say that the revolutionists still hold a large part of the city and that the artillery has not succeeded in driving them out.

MEXICO HAS QUAKE

Area Over 1,000 Miles Square Is Devastated by Tremblor.

TIDAL WAVE ADDS TO HORROR

Hundreds of People Have Lost Their Lives and Many Towns Are Completely Destroyed.

Mexico City, Mexico, July 31.—Hundreds of lives were lost, innumerable persons were injured and great property loss resulted from earthquakes which shook the entire Southern part of Mexico, extending from Oaxaca on the Southeast to Acapulco on the Pacific coast, which was partially devastated at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Eleven dead are reported in this city, and 52 bodies have been recovered at Chilpancingo.

Adding to the horror of the quake a tidal wave swept the city of Acapulco, carrying down the bamboo houses which line the shore, with hundreds of occupants, who were unable to escape. Most of these, it is said, were women and children.

Driven panic-stricken from their homes by the quake, it was some time before the inhabitants realized the predicament of the families in the poorer quarter. Fires which started gained a good headway, and these added to the death list.

The total number of dead in Acapulco is not known, it being difficult to get details from there tonight over Federal wires.

About 100 miles inland from Acapulco the towns of Taluca, Puebla, Horles and Chilpancingo, the capital of the state of Guerrero, also suffered. A runner reached Chilpancingo with a report that the town of Mazatlan, a near seaport, which was only recently swept by fire, was again devastated. The people there had only commenced to rebuild, and the damage, therefore, was not as great as it otherwise would have been.

Reports have also been received from Reopan, Zapate, Providencia, Atoyac, Ayutla and Chilpa, and it is said several people were killed in each place, while there was also a great loss of property. Iguala, Toluca, Cocula, Cutzamala, Amatepec, Saltepec and other towns north of the Balsas river suffered. Some of these reports have reached the city by native runners, or have been received from the territories by Federal wires.

The shock was felt as far as Oaxaca on the Southeast, and great rumblings are reported in the ground in many places, while the quake threw many bridges out of plumb on the Oueravacal railroad. Many of the towns where damage is reported are practically isolated, having only runners as a means of communication with the outside world. Every effort is being made to get details of casualties, but it may be weeks until official reports are received by mail.

Acapulco is in the earthquake zone, and many temblors have been experienced there, but the present one, which was followed by a tidal wave, is said to be the most destructive in the history of the seaport.

In the tidal wave several craft in the harbor, it is said, were sunk, increasing the loss of life.

Vast Area Feels Earthquake.

Mexico City, July 31.—Central Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Queraro to the north to Oaxaca on the south, an area of more than 1,000 square miles, was shaken yesterday by a series of the most severe earthquake shocks felt in the region for a quarter of a century. The lower part of Acapulco, the whole of Chilpancingo and probably the other towns were totally destroyed. Reports of the loss of life are scattering, but it is certain that hundreds must have perished in the coast cities and in the interior towns.

Heney Off for Interior.

Seattle, July 31.—The steamer Ohio, from Alaska today, brought news that Francis J. Heney, the San Francisco prosecutor, who left Cordova on the Ohio, went ashore at Juneau and started overland via Skagway for White Horse, Yukon Territory, on the Yukon river. General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., also left the steamer at Juneau and started on a short trip to Interior Alaska. The steamer Cottage City, which arrived from Alaska last night, brought \$240,000 in gold bullion.

Millions for San Pedro.

Los Angeles, July 31.—Fortifications costing possibly \$6,000,000 will be located around San Pedro harbor if the government can secure the necessary sites for a satisfactory fort. This was brought out today at a meeting between Brigadier General Arthur Murray, chief of the Coast artillery, and representatives of the harbor commission. The question of buying the site was left with the local engineering office.

Cuban Cabinet Resigns.

Havana, July 31.—The cabinet crisis, which for some time has been impending, reached a climax today, when all the ministers and the presidential secretary resigned. The action of the cabinet was taken after a conference with the avowed purpose of expressing loyalty to the president and relieving him of the embarrassment of making removals.

The Pirate of Alastair

By
RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND
Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

I happened to be sitting in my den, writing, the following afternoon, when glancing out of the big window that looks up the beach, I caught sight of a woman walking near the water. I picked up my binoculars and focussed them on her. It proved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a riding-habit, and with a broad felt hat on her head. She was walking in a somewhat aimless fashion, skirting the waves as though she were playing with them. I saw her glance once at the ship and once in the direction of my house.

I put down the glasses and laid my papers aside. When I went down-stairs I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in the kitchen.

"Do you remember how to make tea—good tea?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling well, sir?"

"Quite well. Please make some tea that shall be ready to serve in about an hour, and get out a box of those salty biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out in front of the door, with two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady and myself."

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no surprise, though he had never received such an order since we had been at Alastair.

I picked up a cap, and left the house. As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering shells. Half way to her, and she was still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; three-quarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak, before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon," Mr. Hermit. Am I poaching on your preserves?"

"Not in the least. I make you free of the city."

There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered, but a found her riding-habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me.

"I left my horse tied back in the woods. Haven't you ever seen a riding-habit before?"

"Yes, I beg your pardon, but it's so very becoming."

Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and shook her riding-coat playfully at me.

"Beware, Mr. Hermit. Any man might say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position: you must be different. I look for the flavor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No. I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunset from the cliff?"

"Yes. My aunt has a headache and has stayed in bed all day. I bribed our waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so you see, I'm free of the club and dinner." She spoke impulsively, as I imagined she might do many things, and glanced at me whimsically to see of what I was thinking. She had some of the artlessness of a child playing truant from school. "I do hate stupid conventions, such as chaperons," she added, "especially in summer."

We walked past my cottage, which Miss Graham looked at with much curiosity, asking me a hundred questions about it—how I had discovered it, why I had bought it, how it was fashioned inside, and how I did my marketing. I told her I had the same butcher they had at the club.

"Oh!" she said. "I half hoped you lived by hunting and fishing, but I suppose you'd rather indulge in occasional beefsteaks."

"I'd rather live that way," said I, "but Charles, my man, wouldn't like that. He has a very cultivated palate."

When we came to the top of the cliff I felt like another Balboa discovering the Pacific. In front of us lay the entrance to the river, the sloping away of the dunes to the low level fields of meadow-grass, and the distant background of the pines. Here and there the fields were dotted with beach marshmallows, windfalls delicately pink; along the sandy banks grew clumps of cat-tails, their brown penons stiff like so much bronze. At a little landing-stage, where the river had hollowed out a harbor in the bank, rode my cat-boats, the sail tightly furled, the mast rocking gently with the tide. As we looked a flock of sand-snipe rose from the tall rank grasses beyond the river and spread themselves like a sail against the western sky. Nature never looked so absolutely peaceful.

"Look," I said: a heron, red-legged, white-bodied, rose from the sedges and flapped his way up the stream. He called to his mate, a low, plaintive cry.

"It is beautiful," said the girl. "I don't wonder that you love it."

"Look," I said: the sun's kaleidoscope was changing, the pale yellows deepening, the pinks turning to reds, to oranges, to brilliant, blazing golds. Again it shifted and softened: red and yellow were saffron, orange the color of coral. Yet again, and the whole west was gold-gold with a purple border, and then as the purple gained and the gold sank we could see the army of pines silhouetted against the dropping fire.

"They come, the armies come!" I cried. "See the spears, see the crested horsemen, see the banners in the rear!"

I turned and her eyes were shining, exulting in the beauty of the scene. Then we were silent for a time, until the blaze had softened and the battle dropped to a harmonious peace.

I found a seat for her, and stretched myself beside it.

"Tell me what you think," she said—"the stories you make up when you come here night after night."

I had known how that view of the sunset quieted, yet I was surprised to find her so still and calm. It seemed as though we had known each other for some time.

I have romanced to myself idly from that cliff when the yellow light lies over the sea and the river and the pines, and I drew upon my memory only to find it well stocked. Moreover, I learned much of the river people, of the birds that live in the marsh and of the animals of the woods. I had watched the purple grackle build his nest and the blue jay forage for his offspring when the summer was young, and I knew many a story of the sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering listener, her lips slightly parted, her eyes alight with interest.

"You must be hungry," I said at last. "Lunch at noon, no supper until 8. I should like to offer you my cottage's hospitality."

I was looking for the flush that I knew would come, and was not disappointed.

"Thank you," she answered, "but, you see—what would people think if they looked in your dining-room window and saw me taking tea alone with you?"

"People don't look in my dining-room window," I answered.

She shook her head so decisively that I knew she meant it.

"At least, we will have a cup of tea on the beach," I said, "out of doors—oh, a dozen yards from the cottage, where all the world may see us if they choose."

"Splendid!" she cried, and, jumping up, led the way down from the heights.

On the smooth sand some distance from my door Charles had placed the little table. Two chairs faced each other; plates, napkins, and a center-piece of beach-marshmallows were the decorations, and my man, as straight and rigid as an Egyptian idol, stood a short distance off. Miss Graham gave a little cry of pleasure.

"It's like the Arabian Nights," she exclaimed. "The whole thing seems to have sprung out of the sand."

I seated her at the table.

"You may serve the tea, Charles," I ordered.

He brought forth the tea-pot, and was about to pour the tea into our cups when Miss Graham expostulated. "It's the woman's place to do that!" she exclaimed, and Charles surrendered the tea-pot into her care.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked, with the delicate superiority of a hostess to a guest.

"Two."

"Will you have lemon or cream?"

There were both: I thanked my stars that Charles was so thoughtful.

"Lemon."

I received my tea-cup and a moment later had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Graham say that the brew was delicious.

"And such pretty cups! I don't believe you're a bit of a hermit, but a very pampered old sybarite."

"We use these only on state occasions, for our honored guests," I explained.

"But I don't feel as if this were a state occasion," she answered. "It seems quite as though we'd been doing this all summer."

"I wish we had," I said, quickly.

"I mean, it seems so usual," she said. "And yet, in reality, you hardly know me at all; why, you haven't even met Aunt Elizabeth yet."

"No, that's true," I agreed. "But then, on the other hand, you don't know such a very great deal about me."

"It's the very fact that we know so little about each other in the usual ways, and so much in other ways," Miss Graham attempted to explain, "that makes everything so nice. We're both so much interested in the ship and its history, you know."

"We are," I answered. "That reminds me that I was to tell you all about the ship some time."

"Yes," she looked off to where the boat lay shining like mahogany in the yellow afterglow. "But don't you think we'd better wait until we're on board again. The smell of tar and the feel of the wood will make it so much more real."

"Then, you'll come—" I began, and stopped, for Miss Graham was looking past me at the door of my house. I turned to see Islip there, a broad smile wreathing his face.

"Well, well, well!" he remarked, advancing. "What a charming idyl! Really, I had no idea when I came in at the back door that I should find such a pretty picture awaiting me in front."

He bowed to Miss Graham. "Where is the horse, Barbara, that goes with your habit?"

"I left him in the woods. He's used to standing." She turned to me. "Mr. Selden, have you met Mr. Islip?"

"Yesterday," I answered. "He lunched here."

"Yes," put in Islip; "and he gave me as good a lunch as he's giving you tea. Really, Selden, you're not living up to your reputation as a recluse." He paused, looking from Miss Graham to me. "I hate an interloper, but I'm afraid that's the part assigned me. When you didn't appear at dinner, and couldn't be found, I volunteered to hunt. I was getting quite worried over the disappearance. Your Aunt Elizabeth—"

"Is ill in bed with a headache," said Miss Graham.

"Quite so; so we didn't like to tell her. I took all the responsibility on myself."

I may have looked somewhat sharply at Islip at these words, for when I turned to the girl I caught an amused gleam in her eyes.

"Thank you, Rodney. Aunt Elizabeth would thank you, too, if she knew."

The young man flushed and bit his lip.

Miss Graham had a provoking tone when she wished. I felt sorry for him. "Won't you sit down and have some tea?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I must be getting back, now I have found her."

He was too polite to look at his watch, but we both knew what he was thinking. "I left my horse in your back yard."

Miss Graham rose. "I must go, too. Thank you, Mr. Selden, for the sunset and the tea. Mr. Islip will find my horse and go back with me." Her eyes were dancing as she looked from one to the other of us men, and I hardly wonder, for I felt distinctly out of sorts all of a sudden, and Islip's face wasn't as cheerful as usual.

Charles brought Islip's horse down to the beach, and we three walked up to the point in the pines where Miss Graham had left her mount. There we separated. "By the way, Selden," said Islip, "the market's shaky; slumping all yesterday and started in to-day. Better look out for a squall." He grinned as he disappeared.

Charles was clearing away the remains of the tea-party when I returned. "Sorry, Mr. Felix," said he. "I tried to keep the gentleman away, but he would come out. Said he wanted to see you on pressing business."

"That's all right, Charles. He came to get my guest. We couldn't have sat there drinking tea all night."

"No, of course not, sir, of course not."

I turned to do indoors. "By the way, Charles, that tea was splendid; you did yourself proud."

By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place.

(To be continued.)

RAISE CHILDREN OR TOLL

Economist Says That One Thing or the Other Must Be Done by Wives.

In the way of practical plans for the amelioration of conditions leading up to unhappy matrimony, two interesting suggestions have been forthcoming in recent weeks, says the New York Herald. One of them happens to be only a new variation of the old proposition of taxing the unmarried, but the other, by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, adopts an entirely different attitude in advising that in all families where there are no children the women should be bread earners.

The two news items in the matter follow:

That wives should be largely self-supporting is the view taken by Dr. Simon Nelson Patten of the chair of economics of the University of Pennsylvania. He came here last week to tell the League for Political Education of his ideas and returned to Philadelphia, where he is at present the center of a storm of criticism.

The doctor, whom I saw yesterday, still maintains that his wife should go out to do a day's work, as her husband does, so that by the joint income the family revenues may be kept at a figure large enough to insure a good home and the proper care and education of the children. He finds that women of all ranks of life are entering a leisure class, to the diminution of the birth rate, the degeneration of society and the peril of the state.

"It all resolves to this," said he. "That woman is ceasing to become a producer in an industrial way. Her work has been taken away from her. In other generations she worked. With the introduction of machinery and of the department stores much of her vocation has been taken from her. A large part of the work which was once hers is now done outside of the house. Once she made clothes and even wove the cloth from which she fashioned garments. She went into the garden and raised vegetables; she milked the cows. There was a time when the farmers sneered at the man who milked. A woman always did that. I have traveled extensively through the farming districts of the West without ever having seen a farmer's wife milk a cow."

"Formerly the woman was the man's industrial partner. Her work now has gone out of the home and nothing remains for her but to leave the home in search of it. There is no use for her to waste her time in trying to do that which is now being better and more cheaply done by other means."

"It is far better that she should toil at some remunerative occupation and leave to other agencies the production of articles for household consumption."

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

Unreasonable.